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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIX. CHICAGO, JULY 3, 1902. NUMBER 18

Tower Hill Summer School

Rev. Albert Lazenby of Unity Church, Chicago, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones will speak on the opening Sunday of the Tower Hill Summer School, July 13th. During the week Mr. Lazenby will give interpretations of the Scotch authors, Ian McLaren and J. M. Barrie.

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Tower Hill Summer School

SUNDAY SCHOOL NORMAL WORK.

This School grew up around a "Six Years' Course in Religion" for Sunday School workers —now expanded into seven years. It has now reached the sixth year of the second time around, viz., the Growth of Christianity. This field was traversed in 1896 by Rev. Joseph H. Crooker. This year the work will be based upon stenographic reports of Mr. Jones's talks given before his Normal Class at All Souls Church, Chicago, and which he used in his Sunday School and Bible Classes during the year just closed. If the class so elect, instead of crowding the work into one week of an hour and a half sessions, it will be distributed through the five weeks, twenty-five half hours, from 10:30 to 11 o'clock, with an intermission of ten minutes before the poetry studies that will follow, shortened into one hour periods.

The Growth of Christianity.

Being the sixth years' work in the seven years' course in Religion. Stepping-stones across fourteen Christian centuries.

Things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been because of those who have lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs.—George Eliot.

The aim will be to give a sympathetic view of the struggles of Christianity with ignorance and wickedness from the without, and fanaticism, bigotry and priest-craft from the within, from the close of the New Testament times to the beginning of the Reformation era.

Acknowledgment is made to Prof. F. A. Christie, of the Meadville Theological School, who furnished the first outline and list of books, also to Prof. Williston Walker, of the Yale Divinity School, and Prof. O. J. Thatcher, of the University of Chicago, for additional suggestions and comment that proved valuable in the preparation.

Maps, charts, pictures and stereopticon slides will be used as freely as possible.

I. Ignatius. d. 104-117.
"The Teachings of the Twelve Apostles."

II. Justin Martyn. d. about 163.
The casting of life into speculative systems. Gnostics, etc.

III. Origen. 185-253.
Early Christian philosophy.

IV. The Three Creeds. 325, 381, 451.
The great controversies.

V. The Emperor Julian. 331 (?)-363.
Dying Paganism at its best.

VI. Jerome. 340(?)-420.
The rise of monasticism.

VII. Augustine's "The City of God." 354-430.
The dream of a Christian commonwealth.

VIII. St. Patrick. 396(?)-469(?).
The great missionaries—Ulfilas, Columba, Augustin, etc.

IX. St. Benedict. 480-553.
The "rule" of St. Benedict and its ideal.

X. Gregory I (The Great). 540(?)-604.
The rise of the papacy. Transition to mediaeval religion.

XI. Mohammed. 570-632.
The birth of a sister religion. Another triumph of monotheism.

XII. Charlemagne. 742-814.
Crowned Emperor 800. The founder of the "Holy Roman Empire."

XIII. Alfred the Great. 849-901.
The great English king; the father of English literature.

XIV. Hildebrand. 1020(?)-1085.
"A great politician, who knew how to use one power against another"—J. H. Crooker.

XV. Abelard. 1079-1142.
The rise of intellectual activity.

XVI. Bernard of Clairvaux. 1091-1153.
Abelard's antagonist. A stout Churchman who feared such a free use of reason.—Crooker.

XVII. The Legends of King Arthur.
The rise of chivalry and feudalism.

XVIII. The Crusades. 1096-1271.
A contagion of fanaticism. The permanent value of earnestness. Peter the Hermit. Children's crusades, etc.

XIX. St. Francis of Assisi. 1182-1226.
The brother of the birds and fishes.

XX. Cathedral Building.
Examples—Strasburg and St. Davids.

XXI. Dante. 1265-1321.
Before this name the nations bow;
His words are for all of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow.
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.
—T. W. Parsons, on a bust of Dante.

XXII. Tauler. 1300(?)-1361.
"The Friends of God."

XXIII. Wicliff. 1324-1384. Huss. 1369-1415.
The morning stars of the Reformation.

XXIV. The Black Death and Its Effects. Fourteenth Century.
Nature will not be trifled with.

XXV. Thomas a Kempis. 1380(?)-1471.
"The imitation of Christ."

XXVI. Torquemada. 1420-1498.
A study of persecution. The Waldenses.

XXVII. The University of Prague. 1438.
A study of schools. The rise of universities.

XXVIII. Columbus. 1446(?)-1506.
A new view of the world.

XXIX. Savonarola. 1452-1498.
Christianity in politics.

XXX. Michael Angelo. 1475-1564.
The Renaissance.

XXXI. More's Utopia. 1516.
A dream of a new social order.

UNITY

Volume XLIX. THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1902. Number 18

A friend reminds us that James Freeman Clarke, in an official deliverance at Harvard University on co-education some twenty-five years ago, said that those who are most afraid of co-education are those who know least about it.

There is nothing in modern thought more heroic than the unflinching way in which the Christian Scientist abides by his logic. Not even the volcanic eruption of Mount Pelee intimidates him. One at least has been found bold enough to assert that the Almighty did not know and was not responsible for that eruption. It was the result of mortal minds, the accumulated error of countless generations of false thinking about earthquakes, cyclones, and things.

Dr. Emory H. Bradford has an interesting article on the "Suburban Church" in the *Outlook* of the 28th ult. He states as one duty of the suburban church the harmonizing of the classes (which in this case are the urbans and the resident people) so that they will at least work together; "to get them to love one another is a longer and much more difficult process." But this well states the business of all churches, rural or urban, and the church that fails to do this is not much of a church, whatever else it may do.

Kansas is reported as suffering for the want of ten thousand harvest hands, and still a single wrecked freight train going west discovered fifty tramps aboard going west "for their health." The farmers offered them two dollars a day, good food and shelter, but they declined the offer, whereupon they were corralled and marched to the field at the point of the gun. We fear that the Kansas crop will not be harvested by such a force. But there is serious maladjustment somewhere where the grain which starving men and women need goes to the ground while this starving host refuse to lend a hand in the harvest field.

The Christian Life of London tells of a "gentleman" who was fined five pounds and costs for keeping a horse five hours and a half under a "bearing-rein," holding its head tightly back the whole of the time. Is not this the "over-check," as it is called in America, which even kind hearted women and tender hearted farmers persist in using because perforce even the plodding "plugs" of the farmers and the patient family horse are supposed to "drive better" and are "safer with it." The same paper tells of the young officer on the merchant vessel who found it impossible to live up to his religious standards on ship-board, not because of the debauchery of his mates, but from the necessity of manufacturing "rough weather" and the like in his reports that they might get the maximum for the "wear and tear" out of the insurance company. This young officer too was feeling the power of the over-check. But then, like the patient family horse, he will get used to it and his service will be more reliable and satisfactory to the driver!

The following clipping from the remarks of the great Russian artist, Verestchagin, is going the rounds of the papers and deserves to be studied as an expression of a profound art canon as well as a civic principle. The highest achievement of artist as of statesman comes only from those who dare face the truth and tell it. "It is all very well to say that war is grand and heroic," he argues, "and that fighting is a glorious thing. So it is—to read about. But I have seen war; I have fought for my country, and I have killed a man and many men in the terror and excitement of battle. I know what a horrible, savage, inhuman thing it is, and it is my business to let the public see what I have seen. They tell me I should paint war in beautiful colors, as if an honest man could paint a lie and call it truth!"

The election of Franklin W. Southworth to the Presidency of the Meadville Theological School takes from the Western Unitarian Conference a Secretary of growing efficiency, and puts the School into the hands of a young man whose training, both academic and ministerial, warrants the expectation of efficient work. He enters upon the most difficult problem of education today. Divinity schools suffer more from maladjustment than any professional schools in America. They represent the only department of education that, so far as numbers are concerned, is absolutely on the decline. With all due respect to the material and the matter they deal with, it goes without the saying that the divinity schools scarcely reach the best material and scarcely bring out the best in the material at hand. The centers from which communities hope to draw their inspiration, as a matter of fact, are largely given over to much listless, nerveless, respectable, though uninspired and consequently uninspiring routine. The exigencies of the situation necessitate large expectations from this new man in an old place. We wish him the high success that comes with great usefulness.

So far as we have been able to discover, the chief argument that has led the President and perhaps a majority of the trustees and teachers of the University of Chicago to change front in regard to co-education has been the decline of the masculine proportion among the students. The figures have been so interpreted that some of those parties involved have thought that in twenty years the men would be run off the campus, an assumption wholy gratuitous even though the figures up to date might point to such a conclusion. Fortunately the logic of figures at any given time does not go far in shaping the events of his-

tory; but even the figures up to date seem to offer no warrant for this fear. Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of the Columbian University, is a man who speaks as one with authority when he speaks on educational subjects. The following figures, which we clip from the *Woman's Journal* of June 28th, quoted from an article by President Butler in *Collier's Weekly,* would seem to set at rest the alarm of the friends of the Chicago University who have invented this new thing which they call *"co-ordinate education"* in order to avert the dangers of co-education.

"But, really, these are all dead issues. The American people have settled the matter. The fifteen millions of children in the elementary schools are all (substantially) being co-educated. Of the public secondary schools in 1897-98, 34 were for boys only, 29 for girls only, and 5,252 were co-educational. Of the private secondary schools, 1,125 were co-educational, 327 were for boys only, and 538 were for girls only. The latter figures mean that in the East and South many of the well-to-do prefer separate education during the secondary school period, chiefly for social reasons. Of the colleges in 1898, 70 per cent.—or, omitting the Roman Catholic institutions, 80 per cent.—were co-educational. From 1890-98 the number of men in co-educational colleges increased 70 per cent., while in separate colleges for men the numbr increased only 34.7 per cent. Why discuss the matter further?"

How it Sounds to the Deaf.

Rev. A. W. Jackson's recent book* will do much good in helping the deaf to endure their trials, and still more in leading others to appreciate these. He writes from long experience and much study of the affliction, and with the thoughtfulness which readers have learned to expect in his pages. He tells forcibly and with many an illustration, the privations and vexations of the deaf:—how they lose the music of nature and of human voices, and get instead exasperating sounds from the shouts of others and noises in their own heads;—how they lose the pleasure of conversation, or have to gain it by a strained attention and effort "probably quite as fatiguing as heavy porterage to one who is lame;"—how they are shut out from most occupations, and everywhere must make frequent mistakes from failing to understand others;—how, in contrast with the sympathy shown to the crippled and the blind, their failures are often met with a natural impatience, and their blunders with merriment. He quotes from Beethoven's letters telling how deafness tortured that sensitive soul, "everywhere pursuing me like a spectre, making me fly from every one and appear like a misanthrope," so that "my life is very wretched" and "often have I cursed my existence." Mr. Jackson thinks it is exceptional to find "a serene and cheerful spirit that has survived a long experience of extreme deafness," and that "the result to which it inevitably tends is despondency," often "irritableness, moroseness and moral bitterness."

Probably the book does not exaggerate the misfortunes of the deaf. Their vexations are innumerable. Their mistakes and blunders are no less so,—and would be crushing, if they were not so common as to kill all sense of shame. Mr. Jackson thinks about the worst one known was his own, in once mistaking a nod when dining out, and so asking the blessing after it had already been asked by the host. But the present writer was guilty of a worse one when, in his orthodox days, he once closed the weekly prayer-meeting in the middle of the prayer of a very worthy, but modest and low-voiced young man. Many less profane, but more humiliating ones recur to his mind;—such as that of once replying "excellent," when the question had been about his own lecture; and once even rising very prominently to receive the benediction at a union meeting, and learning afterward that he had been voting to have his own sermon published. Dr. Holmes represents a deaf man who, when informed by a lady of the recent death of her husband, replied that she was "delighted to hear it;"—and doubtless similar cases have been very common. Even when the replies are not so rude, the deaf man is embarrassed by hearing only a small part of the sentence and having to guess the rest, so that he is seldom quite sure whether the conversation is about the weather or the latest war.

But even worse than these difficulties in social intercourse, is their natural consequence in making the deaf man avoid it. He inevitably does this;—and the very kindness of his friends in shouting or writing for him makes him feel like a criminal in causing them so much trouble. This is by far the worst privation. The deaf are often told how much more fortunate they are than the blind. So they are, of course, in seeing the material beauties of the world, and in being able to work, read and roam in it. The blind are utterly dependent, must have wealth or friends, can read and learn only through the eyes and lips of others. But for this very reason, their life is largely made of that human converse, which is the best thing in the world. By the necessity of their condition and by the great sympathy always given them, they enjoy most of all people this social privilege which most keeps minds alert and active, and brings the highest pleasure. This best thing in life, the deaf man loses, or gains only by most wearisome effort;—and he often feels that he would give for it all the landscapes and libraries in the world. No wonder that he grows dull and morose, while the blind are often the brightest, cheeriest and happiest persons in the community.

Mr. Jackson's book closes with two chapters of excellent counsel for the deaf. He urges them never to be ashamed of their defect or try to conceal it, but to carry an ear trumpet whenever that helps. He advises them to try to learn lip reading, as many can and do. He shows them the wide range of pleasures still left them, in observing, reading and studying. He bids them, while shut out from the best and most fields of work, to give themselves heartily to the humblest occupations left them, and so keep their souls healthy. Most of all, he appeals to their manly sense, to bear their burden bravely, and live above their vexations. Perhaps he should have emphasized more the value of stoicism in their case. There is always the consolation that an evil might be worse. Carlyle, in arguing that happiness is inceased by diminishing our demands, says if we but think we deserve to be hung in a hair halter it will be a luxury to die in hemp. Doubtless this remedy is difficult, and few persons will enjoy deafness by thinking they deserve something worse. But whatever we deserve, if we will reduce our de-

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*"Deafness and Cheerfulness." By A. W. Jackson, A. M. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1901. 191 pp.

mands and not expect much pleasure in life, we shall be surprised by a great deal of it, and so keep fairly happy, whether deaf or defective in any other way. But this philosophy is not fitted to all, and on the whole Mr. Jackson's counsel is best:—"Reconcile your mind to the narrow sphere, the lowly task, and, in poise of spirit, live above it. For most there is a corner somewhere, where they have a few flowers and all the stars. Accept the corner and look up."

H. M. S.

In Cherry Time.

A robin sang in a cherry tree
Whose boughs were white with fruit to be,
And the bird sang there as merrily
As ever a bird may sing.
Beneath that veil of green and white
He sang of a nest that was hidden quite,
Till the sweet voice seemed in its delight
The gladdest voice of spring.

He sang of a queen whose love he kept,
Of sky-blue eggs where music slept,
Till lullaby through love song crept
In joyous overflow.
As far and wide the sweet notes rang,
Sad souls that listened lost some pang,
Glad hearts grew gladder because he sang,
For joy is catching, you know.

In cherry time, when boughs were red
With luscious fruit, bold robin said:
"Come, wife, and taste the sweet feast spread;
There's plenty of fruit to spare."
" 'Tis the very thing for our babes," said she;
" 'Twill redden their breasts so beautifully.
Our hungry little family
And we have earned a share."

A thoughtless boy and a nice new gun,
A mother that hated to spoil his fun,
And only smiled at the murder done,
Making the deed her own.
A handful of cherries the richer—ah, true!
But the worms that infest will even with you;
The heart of your child be less kindly and true
For the seeds of cruelty sown.

Poor robin fell with a red, red breast;
His dying mate crept back to the nest;
A joyful note that spring possessed
Had grown forever mute.
Ah, surely the souls of robin and wife,
Through gunless lands, beyond man's strife,
Soared straight that day to the tree of life
With its many kinds of fruit.

"God bless my child," a mother said,
Kneeling that night by her son's white bed.
"May virtue crown his sunny head,
And naught of sin condemn.
Have mercy on me and mine," she cried,
While another's babies starved outside,
Out in the night rain chilled and died
For lack of her mercy to them.

Oh! for a broader faith to teach
That the golden rule should further reach,
Till past the line of human speech
The sheltering fringe shall fall.
Oh! for the better time to be,
When human love and sympathy
Shall further look *past "mine" and "me,"*
And kinder be to all.

Chestnut, Ill. *Calla Harcourt.*

"The Liberty Bell."

A Fourth of July preparation sermon preached by Jenkin Lloyd Jones at All Souls Church, Chicago, June 29, 1902.

"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."—Leviticus xxv.: 10.

This is the inscription upon the old liberty bell of Philadelphia, a bell which, if the story be true, the present king of England, whose life in these days has been hanging over that mystic land rimmed by death, whose sufferings and disappointments have touched with fellowship all human hearts, rescued from a rubbish garret in our centennial year. When visiting Philadelphia at that time he asked for the old liberty bell; he wanted to see it. It was found with other cast-off relics in some neglected upper room festooned with cob-webs. At his suggestion, the American public began to awake to its historic value. Since that time it has become perhaps our most cherished memento, the rarest relic in the historical cabinet of this republic. It has gone from city to city; from exposition to exposition with its guards of honor, receiving civic and military ovations. Thousands and thousands of children have gathered round it and garlanded it in flowers; orators have found in it the inspiration that lifted them to their best; poets have sung of it; art has reproduced it in a hundred ways. It was the most interesting American relic in our Columbian Exposition. It has just returned from Charleston, the last exposition, to Philadelphia, its original home, and all its wanderings has been a triumphal march.

This is as it should be. The enthusiasm that gathers around the liberty bell is justified. It comes from the noblest side of human nature. The old bell appeals to the best there is in us. For the brief moment at least it lifts those who gather around it above the sordid wants of self and place; touches life with self-forgetfulness and makes noble death more desirable than ignoble life.

Because of all this, the mute brass is a fitting text for our Fourth of July preparation sermon.

Did time permit it would be an interesting starting point for the study of symbols, the value of concrete representatives of abstract principles, of outward figures of inward principles. Poetry is the universal possession of the human heart. The soul in its essence is a bard. Imagination touches the life of the humblest, and the crudest superstition is fossilized poetry,—flowers of the imagination changed into stone; the fancy of the one frozen into the dogma of the many; the thrall of an hour molten into the fetters of a lifetime. Bigotry, dogmatism, ecclesiasticism, and all the tyranny that goes with these words, represent the poetry of one age or land translated into the prose of other ages or lands, the flavor, the music, the indescribable something that makes poetry, being lost in the translation.

The psychology of the bell is interesting. The subtle connection between resonant metal and the responsive soul; the intoxicating element in its tones. I do not wonder that the bell of mediaeval times was supposed to have the power of ostracising demons and frightening away evil spirits. The bell has been an inspiration

in art. For it architecture reared its towers, and the Campanilei, Grotto's for instance, may well stand for living architecture. The highest expression of architecture is the gothic; the crown of the gothic is the spire, and the original spire was always a belfry.

"Why did you call it the Angelus?" asked Millet excitedly of the sympathetic critic who looked at his unfinished and unnamed picture. "Because I can hear the bells." And the great peasant painter burst into tears as he exclaimed, "O, I did want to paint the sound of the bell in that picture!"

The bell runs through law; has knit communities. The curfew, the cover-the-fire bell, was a legislative creation. In many of the older cathedrals the bell, enthroned in the tower, belonged to the town and not the church. It was under the command of the civic and not ecclesiastic authority. With it the commandant could summon to arms peasant and prince. In the old days the first and most effective indignity the conqueror offered to his conquered subject was to melt down the big town bell that it might never more awaken loyal emotions and arouse heroic purposes.

Religion is the conservative force in society as well as in the individual life; and so the bell survives in the religious and ceremonial life of Christendom after it has been eliminated from the civic and industrial life of modern men. The bell in our cities no longer summons to business, to study, not even to dinner. But still it summons the faithful to prayer as it has through centuries gone. Once it rang the release from daily toil. Now it sings the escape from the week's weariness, invites the soul to sabbath calm.

Alas, the bell has also written its story in the blood of martyrs. It has stirred the church to its atrocities as well as to its devotions. The sad Sicilian vesper bells rang the doom of the eight thousand Frenchmen who were massacred in cold blood on the Easter day of 1282. The awful St. Bartholomew's Day of 1571 was ushered in by the ringing of bells, and a hundred thousand are the figures used to represent the host of victims that never was numbered on that day.

The study of bells is full of charming bell biographies. The famous bells of history are numerous, reaching from the half mythic little quadrangular bell of St. Patrick's Well, said to be five inches broad and six inches high, up to the monster bell of Moscow, cast in 1733, buried for over a century, now raised on a platform forming a chapel in the middle of a square, nineteen feet, six inches high, sixty feet in circumference, two feet in thickness, weighing four hundred and forty tons. It was cracked in the making and the broken fragment weighs eleven tons. Moscow runs to bells. The second largest in the world, may I say, lives in Moscow. It weighs one hundred and twenty-eight tons, and I believe is in actual use today. The great "Tom" at Oxford weighs seven tons.

We are now prepared to believe that the story of our particular liberty bell is a biography. It was the gift of an English gentleman who rejoiced in the Pennsylvania venture, a peace colony. It was cast in London in 1751. The grand old Bible text from Leviticus which belted the bronze indicated the purpose "for which it was born into the world." It arrived in Philadelphia August, 1752. A month later by the mere stroke of the clapper it was cracked. Next year a Philadelphia firm re-cast it and it was hung again. But this casting was not satisfactory, and the founders, Pass & Stowe, were permitted to re-cast it once more, when it again took its position in the dome of the old State House in June, 1753. Its exact weight is 2,080 pounds. Its diameter is five feet at the lip; its thickest portion is three inches through. Under the great text we read the words, "By order of the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania for the State House in Philadelphia. Pass & Stowe, Philadelphia, MDCCLII." The present bell summoned the State Assembly together for the first time on August 27, 1753, and it voiced the call of colony, state and nation up to July 8th, 1835, when while tolling the funeral of Chief Justice John Marshall of the United States, its sides parted and the great crack silenced the bell forever.

It is a holy relic because it sounded the first note in our freedom song. It was the first to proclaim to the world that the great document was signed; that the event had taken place which the prophetic soul of John Adams foresaw would mark an epoch in the history of the world. He wrote to his wife:

"I am prone to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations from one end of the continent to the other from this time forward forever."

The story of that ringing has been told in prose and poetry but never told too often and never told to the weariness of man, woman or child in any part of the globe.

"See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its mighty line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign!
With his small hands upward lifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! With deep, clear intonation
Breaks his young voice on the air.

"Hush'd the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's strong, joyous cry!
'Ring!' he shouts, 'Ring! Grandpa!'
'Ring! Oh, ring for Liberty!'
And straightway, at the signal,
The old bellman lifts his hand
And sends the good news, making
Iron-music through the land.

"How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calm, gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Illumined the night's repose,
And from the flames, like Phœnix,
Fair Liberty arose!"

But let us not forget the thing symbolized in the symbol, for that is superstition. Let not the messenger obscure the message, for that is servility and bigotry. The proclamation flung upon the expectant air is more interesting than the proclaiming bell. It is the intangible that is undying, the imponderable is the more profound. Even bell metal may rust and lose itself again in the primal elements of earth and air. But that declaration of the human soul, that strike for liberty, that masterful grasp for independence, like the copper in the bell, grows. It draws from the air around it that which will increase its bulk.

For the honor of the bell, let us study its message. Note first how reluctantly even our boasted heroes of 1776 approached their burden; how haltingly they lent themselves to the holy spirit, the Zeit-geist, the time spirit of their day. Boston had had its famous tea party two years and a half before the bell was allowed to ring in Philadelphia. In November, 1773, the stalwart Samuel Adams of Boston, "The Father of the Revolution," as Washington was Father of our Country, wrote, "The tea now coming to us is more to be dreaded than plague and pestilence." On the 17th of December, perhaps a month later, he wrote in breathless haste a letter unpunctuated, with the "t's" uncrossed:

"We inform you in great Haste that every chest of Tea on board the three Ships in this Town was destroyed the last evening without the least Injury to the Vessels or any other property. Our Enemies must acknowledge that these people have acted upon pure and upright Principle. The people at the Cape will we hope behave with propriety and as becomes men resolved to save their Country."

Things now began to move rapidly. The Continental Congress had put Washington in the field. Pitt had made his great speech in the English parliament, begging for the withdrawal of British troops from Boston, in which he told the English lords, "You may burn the town of the American colonists, cut off the superfluities and conveniences of life; they will still prefer their woods and liberty; they will choose poverty with liberty to golden chains with sordid affluence." This he said on the 20th day of December, 1775. Thomas Paine had already issued his "Common Sense," and the numbers of "The Crisis," "Mental Bombs," "Spiritual Dynamite," had begun to appear. And still Congress hesitated, faltered on the verge of the decisive step that would declare liberty throughout all the land. Even John Hancock, who finally wrote his name at the head of the proud list and wrote it clear across the page, so large that "the great King George the Third might read it without his spectacles," had hesitated and counseled postponement. John Adams wrote of Hancock's consternation when it was first suggested, "I have never remarked a more sudden and striking change of countenance. Mortification and resentment were expressed as forcibly as his face would exhibit. The first resolution came on the 8th day of June from Colonel Lee of Virginia, but the discussion was postponed three weeks. Benjamin Franklin looked at it as a lamentable last resort; and Dickinson of Pennsylvania, leader in his State up to this time, in view of what he deemed a pending calamity, fell back to the rear, and, as Professor Hosmer says in his Life of Samuel Adams, "He became as energetic at the brake as he had once been on the engine." Alas, how many of these "lost leaders" have checked the march of progress! How numerous are the sad names on history's pages marking the men who "having put their hands to the plow," have looked back! who from their short sightedness have seen the straight lines grow confused, have halted, and finally have denied their inspiration. Of these hold-back influences the story of the Liberty Bell gives concrete illustrations; they are very interesting.

First comes the conservatism of wealth. John Hancock, the wealthiest man in Massachusetts, halted because of the far-reaching effects of such a step on commerce and on finance. Next Copley, the artist, who began by painting patriots in Boston, then became a go-between trying to reconcile the Sons of Liberty to the tea importers; finally, disgusted by the clamor for freedom, withdrew from the turbulent colonies, retired to the Old Country that he might enjoy his paints and his art, undisturbed by thought of change. Art is too often in league with ease and the established order and thereby cuts itself off from its own inspirations.

"'Spare,' Art implored, 'yon holy pile;
That grand, old, time-worn turret spare.'"

In the third place, science trembled. Benjamin Thompson of Woburn, he who afterwards became Count Rumford, eminent in science and philanthropy, he who ridded Bavaria of beggars, held back, was afraid of independence. The scholastic who studies things more than men is easily disturbed by the agitations of reform. He grows weary in the presence of unrest; like Copley, he fain would escape to some older world of quiet and of leisure; he thinks that mind is less trammeled under the old regime.

Fourth comes the political hold-back, our Dickinson of Pennsylvania, the man of large succession. This man of politics is loath to believe that a straight line is the shortest distance between two given points. He believes in indirectness. He always thinks it is easier to go around than to go though a difficulty, and he always thinks that his *experience* is safer than the great *principles* discovered by thought and authorized by conscience. He is the man who ever wants to *fix* rather than to *face* great questions. He believes in postponement, compromise, concealment. He is ever engaged in the conspiracies of silence. Ostrich-like, he thrusts his head into the sand and thinks nobody knows where he is or what he is at. The politician has a superstition that if you do nothing decisive long enough some fetish called "time" will straighten things out.

Lastly comes the man of the gown,—the ecclesiastic. With notable exceptions, the clergy of America were on the wrong side in the Revolutionary War. They feared that liberty would desecrate their sanctities. It was left for Thomas Paine, the so-called infidel, to sound the bugle of religious independence, to give to Washington the countersign on the darkest of his battlefields, "These are the times that try men's souls."

If, then, wealth, art, scholasticism, and ecclesiasticism hesitated, what did set the old bell a ringing for liberty? The answer is easy to find. It was ethics that put the bugle to the lips. It was the love of justice that sounded the command, "Forward." Morals turned the voice of the youth whose eyes were cast forward, as he cried to the bellman in the high tower, "Ring! Ring! Ring!" Not power as represented in money or office; not the conventions of art or the discoveries of science; not the religion of reverent form and sacred symbol, but the love of right, aye, the sense of injustice rang the bells. Freedom is born out of tyranny. Oppression opens the eyes, quickens the mind, as prosperity, ritual and refine-

ment never can. Right is not the product of a syllogism; justice does not lend itself to analysis; morality is not the result of facts and figures; its inspirations are more fundamental; its oracles "speak as one having authority," in the face of all prudence and logic, all sagacity and the wisdom that is free discussion. The story of the liberty bell proves that the fears of all these hold-backs were unfounded; that liberty is a friend and not a foe to art, to science, to religion; commerce has nothing to fear from freedom, and the great triumphs of democracy, as the history of the Renaissance, the French Revolution, and, in its way, the unparalleled triumphs of the "fair white city," the dream of a summer, that descended from above like the New Jerusalem of the Apocalypse, and abode with us for a while at Jackson Park in our Columbian year, prove. If history proves anything, it proves that art languishes where mind is fettered; that religion dies when it becomes aristocratic, and that science grows perfunctory when it loses its courage.

Michael Angelo was a Samuel Adams of the art world. He struck a blow for liberty that was felt throughout the world of beauty. And the story of Luther, of Knox, of Wesley, Channing and Emerson, prove that religion is most potent where shackles are fewest. No great thing was ever accomplished for soul or by soul except in and through liberty. They only are prophetic and commanding in legislative halls, in the courts of justice, in the school, university, and the church who dare travel untrodden paths; who are not frightened by the difficulties that stand in the way of new measures; who are not afraid of high adventure; who doubt not that the triumph will eventually reward every high emprise. They alone inherit the inspirations of the liberty bell who are willing to take the consequences of a new thought; who do not wait for the hindmost; who do not dally with the ideal, but who dare issue their declaration of independence and cry to the bellman, "Ring!" The liberty lover is the god-fearing soul, and he sings with the noblest of our modern poets:

> "All that I am, all I hope to be—
> Whence comes it save from fortune setting free
> Body and soul the purpose to pursue,
> God traced for both? If fetters, not a few,
> Of prejudice, convention fall from me,
> These shall I bid men—each in his degree
> Also God-guided—bear, and gayly, too?
>
> But little do or can the best of us;
> That little is achieved through Liberty.
> Who, then, dares hold, emancipated thus,
> His fellow shall continue bound? Not I,
> Who live, love, labor freely, nor discuss
> A brother's right to freedom."

But let us beware how we analyze and define. Who can dissect the tones of a bell? Unison comes from synthesis and not from analysis. There is not one liberty for the state, another for the school, another for the church. And the declaration of independence that set the bells a ringing in 1776 must be brought down to date before an inspiring note can be struck from the bells of 1902. There is not one liberty for the white man and another for the black man; not one freedom for men and another for women. Opportunity is not a matter of race or sex. Educational liberty and political liberty and religious liberty are one and inseparable. Strike a blow at the integrity of any one of these and you strike a blow at the heart of democracy. The logic of events as well as of philosophy and sociology proves that the message of the liberty bell will not be pronounced in its fulness until the sanctity and integrity and equality before the law, in school, home and church, of all souls are recognized, irrespective of race, sect, or sex.

God knows how little there is to boast of in the religious and educational life of America, but what there is of encouragement is rooted in this democracy —free thought and free education for men and for women. When the old Liberty Bell rang for freedom it rang for piety; when it rang for justice it rang for education; when it summoned men to think it called for thinking women as well. The Liberty Bell was the holy bell summoning the generations to prayer; it was the undogmatic Angelus of nature inviting the soul to uncover in the presence of a living and near divinity—the divinity of womanhood as well as of manhood. It summoned men to lay off their shoes, for "whereon they stood was holy ground;" the holy ground of maternity as well as of paternity. In the line of this liberty song and in obedience to the call of this liberty bell did Horace Mann and his great co-laborers rise to work for free schools for boys and girls, a popular education that would reach from the nursery to the university. On no other basis is democracy safe. Out of this leading came Antioch and Oberlin Colleges and their successes with their liberty song of co-education of sexes and sects and races. In their wake came the great triumphant universities of the people; the great state institutions with Ann Arbor in the lead; the great modern universities planted on the prophetic millions of foreseeing individuals—Cornell, Leland Stanford and the University of Chicago. The surprise of the latter half of the nineteenth century was the splendid response to the invitation of a new opportunity, made by the women of America. How splendidly did the sisters and daughters of America respond to the inspiring invitation! How promptly did they take their places along side of the brother students! How well have they sustained their rank as scholars and their dignity as women under this new regime. How gallantly in the main did their brothers receive them, making room for them, not with the blighting gallantry of the old chivalry which recognized them as frail representatives of the weaker sex, but with the gallantry of the new chivalry that recognizes them as their equals, sacred units in the social fabric, ready to stand beside them and do their share of the world's work; making the word "womanly" mean an individuality as sacred and indispensable in the fabric of cultivated society as the word "manly." Indeed so splendidly did woman rise to her opportunity, so magnificently has she responded to the invitation, that the old argument against co-education based on woman's intellectual inferiority and her consequent incapacity in class room, is changed to an alleged superiority in the class room and an implied danger that women will run the men out of academic halls, com-

pel their brethren to seek shelter within the guarded walls of a separate education.

Progress never travels on straight lines. Humanity rises through painful spirals. There are re-actions and recoils incident to the great march of humanity out of bondage into freedom. And these re-actions are often unexpected and apparently unaccountable. In these opening days of the twentieth century, in Chicago, the boasted new city, the child of heroic adventure, the University of Chicago, the proudest achievement of this proud city, the latest contribution to the higher education of America, the institution that has aspired to be prophetic and is being so magnificently equipped to meet the needs of the new West, is just now caught unexpectedly in one of these re-actionary waves. It has become alarmed by the triumphs of its own making; staggered by the splendid problems and the measureless opportunities which itself has inspired. It is afraid of its own daughters and is trying to qualify its own liberty and to distrust its own inspirations.

Co-education, we are told, threatens the boys' liberty, their joy or something during their academic years, because the girls are taking possession of the campus.

So quietly, almost stealthily, has the preparation for a monastic re-action towards a segregation of the boys and girls gone that it is assumed on every hand that the plan is assured, only for two years, they tell us. But during these two years, which begin at no definite line either in age, strength or development, and end at no definite line in age, strength or development, boys and girls must be separated into a nunnery quadrangle on the one hand and a monastic quadrangle on the other, the inhabitants of which must study, recite and pray apart. But they will be permitted to dance and flirt, to hurrah for the same football team and to pay fees into the same treasury, and be within whistling call of one another, and this, they say, is co-ordinate education without co-instruction and co-worship in common chapel except on Sundays.

In the name of the Liberty Bell, in the progressive spirit of the Fourth day of July, for which I would prepare you to-day, we are called upon to take common interest, and in every legitimate way to take a hand in this high battle for the spirit democracy. For democracy is rooted in popular education. Co-education is the normal condition of popular education in America at least. Millions of American youths must be educated in the public schools of America, and America is making an open road, a free lane from the kindergarten to the privileges of the highest university, for boys *and* girls. And any attempt to obstruct this open road with a sex toll-gate and bring in the challenge of sex for some fragmentary two years of the line in the interests of an emasculated boyhood who feel uncomfortable in the presence of women, will prove contrary to the wishes of those toilers who seek for their girls and boys the best there is. This blocking of the lane is a blow at popular education, a concession to the classes, an indignity to the masses. It is a concession to the boys who want the inspirations of the cigar, the cup and the banquet hall, where "wine, song and women" are the inspirations of conviviality. It is a concession to the classes who can afford to educate their daughters in expensive private colleges where accomplishments may seem to outrank the competencies of the girls.

I am not dealing with a foreign subject and am not violating the courtesies and the sanctities of this pulput. I speak as a friend and not as a foe of the University of Chicago. I speak for the public that has not yet been sufficiently aware of this tendency. In the name of the declaration of independence and the democracy it stands for, I would guard the high privileges of this University of our pride and joy, for the benefit of the humblest girl, the daughter of the drayman and the blacksmith, who aspires to its privileges. And if such privileges make uncongenial the atmosphere to banker's son or millionaire's daughter, let them hie themselves to the educational monasteries and nunneries that represent the spirit and the method of aristocracy and the resources of aristocrats.

I am not charging the friends of the segregating plan with aristocratic designs, still less with the spirit of aristocrats; quite the contrary I know is the truth. They themselves little know what spirit they are invoking, and little realize what thankless and hopeless battle they propose to wage when they set themselves against the trend of the centuries and would defy the fundamental law of progress. They mean well but, like Hancock, wealth and commerce for a time confuse their vision. Like Copley, art and refinement for a time frightens their conscience and blunts their courage. Like Dickinson of Pennsylvania, they hope to overcome difficulties by evading and not by meeting them; to secure by circumlocution what alone is won by direction.

Let not the public be deluded by their self-delusion. Spite of their well meaning protestation that they still mean co-education, the votes already taken by the senate last week, the purport of which has not yet been given to the public as it should be, the real tendency of the movement is made manifest. By these votes already taken the senate has refused to say that co-education would be *elective* to any girl during these two years. It refused to limit the *separate* instruction to the *required* studies, which only cover two-thirds of the curriculum in the junior year. By this vote it is shown that the elective studies must also be pursued alone. It is not enough to say or to know that these questions are being discussed in the confidences of the faculty and the trustees, while the result of their discussion is in the main kept out of the public press and away from public intelligence. This is the most public of all public questions—the question of education. It deals with the right nearest to every man and woman in this city—the rights of their children to the highest education available.

The old liberty bell of 1776 calls for agitation, for discussion, for the testing of this mediaeval re-action in the full light of public discussion and public action. It behooves this pulpit and every pulpit in the city to help educate the people on this last and nearest phase of the liberty problem. Philadelphia in 1776 is to be rendered in terms of Chicago in 1902; the hot questions of the church and congress are changed by

the century's flight into the hot question of the school room and the university. Then woman was content with the right to read her Bible, and the skill of writing with cramped hand the sweet lore of domestic love and loyalty. Now her daughters holding this old right and skill precious as ever, demand that they be augmented with the right to enjoy the classics, to weigh the stars and to rejoice in the triumphs of the laboratory and the wealth of the library. Any menace to this liberty is a menace to the development of our boys, the refinement of our men, the safety of the state, the liberty of the race.

The ground gained has cost too much to allow an inch to be lost. The question is so fundamental and far-reaching that it should not be baffled by expediency, diplomacy or verbal quibbles. 'Co-ordinate education," whatever it means, if it means anything, is not co-education. Co-education without co-instruction is a phrase without meaning; and if co-education is safe and useful in the high schools of America and in the senior college of the University of Chicago, it cannot be very bad in the two years intervening.

On the day that the Columbian Exposition was opened in Chicago, Mrs. Cleveland at Washington touched the button that opened the retort that cast a new liberty bell in Troy, N. Y. The metal was fused from relics and mementos of many wars, contributed by many hands, from many countries and all parts of our own country. This bell was cast in the interest of peace; in the interest of woman's equality; in the interest of the free mind working for the freeing of souls from the thrall of passion, appetite, prejudice and ignorance.

In the W. C. T. U. exhibit at our Columbian Exposition there was another liberty bell to be seen, a bell bearing this inscription: "This bell cast in the City of Tokio, Japan, December 10th, 1892, by Tsuda Sen, is made from the metal tobacco pipes of more than a thousand men once slaves, now free."

Let these latter bells continue the parable of the liberty bell at Philadelphia. They typify freedom from the thrall of cramping traditions, of social tyranny, of hurting habit. If we are to be worthy our inheritance; if we are to produce mighty things in the future, we must complete the message of these bells; ours must be a quest for a free course for all souls; a passion for equity. In the language of the struggling liberty-giving and liberty-loving Abraham Lincoln:

"It is for us, the living, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought have thus far so nobly advanced. It is for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Vision.

I see my image in the glass,
The features plain and clear to view,
But if behind I curious pass,
'Tis lost, as if it nothing knew.

—WILLIAM BRUNTON.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

PART V.

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE KINGDOM.

XXXVIII.

The Boy Samuel.

I must take up once more the story of the Children of Israel there in Canaan. We cannot say just how many hundreds of years went by during the time when they had no kings and each tribe governed itself in its own way. For a time all would go well with the people, but then again they would have trouble when the Canaanites would make war upon them, conquer some of their cities and rule over them. The great trouble was, as I have told you, that they would not hold together or work together as one people; they would fall into bad habits, take up the ways of the wicked Canaanites, and show themselves selfish and thoughtless. We might have hoped that after the death of Joshua, when they had been so successful in their wars with the Canaanites, that they would have held together like one great family, so that there would be no need of any other kind of government.

But now I come to a new effort, as we shall call it, in their history, when they formed a kingdom and began to have kings to rule over them. This was a great change; for not in their whole history since the time when Abraham had gone from the land of the Chaldees and come over here to Canaan, had there ever been any kings in Israel.

I will tell you how it all came about, this great change. It had some good in it, but also a great deal of evil. It was not going to be the best kind of government; but, at any rate, it would be better than what they were having as long as they would not hold together, and were being ruled over by the wicked Canaanites.

We first began by letting you know about the boy Samuel. There was a certain man whose name was Elkanah, and his wife's name was Hannah. According to my story, Hannah was very unhappy because she had no children.

Elkanah was sorry, of course, and tried very hard to make his wife Hannah happy in spite of her disappointment, for he loved his wife. Every now and then, however, he would find her in tears, and he would say to her: "Hannah, why weepest thou, and why eatest thou not? And why is thy heart grieved? Am I not better to thee than many sons?" I know this reply must have pleased Hannah very much, and eased her heart of her sorrow.

But still she wanted a child, and she made up her mind that if a son came to her, she would devote him to the Lord, and not keep him for herself. She vowed that the boy should serve in the place where the people had their altar and made their offerings to the Great Ruler.

At last, I am glad to say, joy came to Hannah and Elkanah; a little son was born to them, and then Hannah told her husband of the vow she had made. He was quite willing to help her carry it out, and they took the child up to the place of worship and gave it over to Eli the priest who ministered there.

The boy's name was Samuel. We shall have to talk further about him, because it was through him that the Children of Israel later on received their first king. But at the start I must tell you about the priest

who had charge of Samuel, and whose name was Eli. I am sorry to say that Eli had two sons who were bad men. They lived there with the priest, their father, but were guilty of all manner of wickedness. Now Eli ought to have rebuked or punished them; but for some reason he had not the heart to do it, and the boys grew worse and worse.

In the meantime, the child Samuel who had been only a babe in his mother's arms when taken to Eli, was growing older, so that he began to talk and to think for himself, and to help Eli by many little services. Every year his mother made a little robe, and brought it up to him when she came with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice to the Lord.

But one night something strange happened the boy Samuel. It came to pass when Eli was laid down to sleep, and the lamp was not yet gone out, and Samuel also was laid down to sleep, that a voice spoke the boy's name, saying: "Samuel." And the boy answered, "Here am I."

Then Samuel ran unto Eli, and said, "Here I am; for thou callest me." But Eli said, "I called thee not, lie down again." And the boy went and laid down.

Once more the voice was heard as it called, saying: "Samuel." And Samuel rose and went to Eli, and said again, "Here am I, for thou calledst me." And Eli said once more, "I called thee not, my son; lie down again."

Samuel did not know what to make of this; but the little boy was obedient in every way, and not at all troubled or afraid, and he went back and laid himself down to sleep. Then once more the voice came to him a third time, and said to him: "Samuel," and the boy arose and went to Eli the third time, and said: "Here am I, for thou calledst me." Then Eli thought it must have been the Ruler of the World who was talking to Samuel, and he said to the boy, "If the voice calleth thee, thou shalt say, Speak, for thy servant heareth."

Samuel accordingly laid down in his place, until the voice came again, saying: "Samuel, Samuel," and the boy answered quietly, "Speak, for thy servant heareth."

And the voice said: "Behold, I will do a thing in Israel, at which both the ears of everyone that heareth it shall tingle. In that day I will perform against Eli all that I have spoken concerning his house, from the beginning even unto the end, for I have told him that I will judge his house forever because of the iniquity which he knew in the wicked conduct of his sons and in that he did not restrain them."

We know that Samuel could not have understood quite what all this meant; for as yet he was only a child, and he had no knowledge of all the wickedness in the world. But he could see that it meant somehow that trouble was going to come to his dear priest Eli, whom he loved and served. It made him very unhappy therefore while he lay quietly waiting until the morning. He hated very much indeed to tell Eli anything about it, and hoped that Eli would not ask him; yet if he were questioned he was going to tell the truth, for there was nothing else for him to do.

Surely enough, Eli met him in the morning, and said: "Samuel, my son." And the boy answered, "Here am I." And Eli said: "What is it that was said to thee last night. I pray thee hide it not from me." And Samuel told him every whit, and hid nothing from him. Then Eli said: "Let the Lord do what seemeth good."

You see, Eli meant well; he had been good in his way, only he had been weak. He was one of those persons who would never do anybody any harm, always be gentle and kind; but when it came to stepping forward and acting in a positive way by showing courage, he would probably fail. He ought to have punished his sons, and restrained them from doing all that wickedness; but he had not been strong enough. And so it was that a terrible punishment came upon him and afterwards, although we need not stop to dwell upon it here.

In the meantime, I am happy to say, that Samuel the boy went on growing into youth, and young manhood, brave and good and true in every way that we can think of. People who came to the place of worship to bring their sacrifices or offerings, were always pleased with him, and went back home telling their neighbors and friends how they liked Samuel. What is more, he began to show himself wise in many ways, until by the time he was a young man he was talked of, all over Canaan, wherever the Children of Israel lived. The people began now to feel that they would have a great teacher in Samuel, a man of wisdom, to whom they could go for advice in all sorts of ways. They called him a "seer" or a "prophet," because that was the name they gave to their great teachers. This word prophet I should advise you to remember, because some of the greatest teachers in the world are spoken of nowadays as the prophets of Israel—as the wise men who appeared in Canaan after the time of Samuel.

To the Teacher: Touch upon the gentle obedience of Samuel and upon his truthfulness. Dwell on the spirit of trust he displayed before his elders. Then point out his straightforward honesty. The name of Samuel's father and mother should be remembered. The incident concerning Eli and his sons might be passed over without much comment, using it rather as a means of illustrating the character of the boy Samuel.

Memory Verse:

Here am I for thou calledst me. Let the Lord do what seemeth good.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

From the Wa-Wan Press I am in receipt of "American Indian Melodies," harmonized by Arthur Farwell. This is a small volume of melodies, introduced by Miss Alice C. Fletcher, of the Peabody Museum at Harvard University; a lady thoroughly prepared for this and similar efforts to preserve the Indian folklore and folksong. The songs are dependent upon mythical or legendary occurrences, which they interpret to us; or upon religious ceremonies, of which they form a part. The "Old Man's Love Song" gives expression to a mellowed love of life; voiced in the early dawn, in the presence of peaceful nature. It is a tribute to the beauty and the love that is in the world of Indian thought. "The Thunder Song" records the spiritual experience of a man, who goes through with the fasting which is so common an experience of the Indian life. It is a remarkable collection of songs and melodies, but depends upon the sentiment of the listener, quite as much as upon his musical sense.

On the Table are two books about the coronation of King Edward. They are not worth the mention, except to say that we have no interest in crowning anybody—especially a relic of the outworn, inter-married, deigratia, degeneracy of Europe.

In the *Arena* for June will be found a very good article on the Philippine war by Hon. Samuel C. Parks. He argues that the whole war with Spain and her dependencies could have been avoided. I am inclined to believe this is a one-sided statement. Senator Hoar has put it much better, that on the whole our Cuban record is honorable; but our Philippine record dam-

nable. An afterthought, to show that the government could have got along without a fight with Spain, is hardly worth the while. However, a careful statement of facts always helps forward rightness (righteousness).

Literary Digest gives an interesting resume of the opinions brought out by the offer of the German Emperor to set up in Washington a statue of Frederick the Great. It was all well enough to give Prince Henry a nice time; still we should not care to have him here for a permanent show. Frederick the Great stands for a brute-force spirit, for which the American Republic does not stand. He was an example of the most strenuous exercise of autocracy. If we are to set up Frederick, for the same reason we should have Louis the Great of France; and why not one of the Georges of England—say George the Third? This would make a nice group—if placed in the Washington cemetery.

The *Arena* give us also a thoroughly bad article concerning "The Russian Remedy" for political and social difficulties; but the article includes such a capital criticism of Tolstoy that I wish everybody might read it. A vast amount of good time is thrown away trying to make a useful Anglo-Saxon saint out of a Slavic "Titan, groping with insistent purpose, to get his mighty hand upon some world-force—a blind Samson, feeling after the central pillar of human wrong." While reading the *Arena* don't overlook "An Echo of the Inquisition." In fact, there are several articles of supreme value in this number.

The *International Monthly* for May gives us a remarkable article on "The Social Life of Ants," and another on Cecil Rhodes and his will should be read in connection with a symposium in the *Arena*. The article on "Motives to Imperial Federation" must be read with the understanding that imperial federation is being crowded out of the world by popular federation—or ought to be.

Two questions are being discussed in periodical literature which are of immense importance to society. The first is this, "Is the Press Responsible for Crime?" The answers cannot avoid the fact that the press is spreading loathsome details of crime and vice all over the country, that it advertises iniquities of the basest sort for a cash remuneration. Who is responsible for this work? A few years ago the editorship of a prominent journal was offered to a gentleman of my acquaintance. His answer was, "Give me control of the advertisements and I will accept your offer." It was well understood that he would exclude some of the most profitable insertions. The editorship passed to other hands. The second question is, "Is novel literature soon to wane." We hope that it is. A hopeful sign is the vastly increasing interest in Nature books and in History.

E. P. Powell.

Jane Addams Last Book.*

Without any obtrusive display of the bare bones of logic, the careful reader will soon find that the mind is carried forward to a definite and grounded conviction about social aims and methods. The distinguished author, whose very name awakens everywhere a sense of moral reverence, has accomplished important ends because from the beginning she knew what she wanted, and yet was ready to follow the requirements of a changing situation.

"Ethics" means "righteousness." Personal righteousness has come to be understood and respected; but social righteousness is a more complex notion and requires longer reflection, wider experience and larger intellectual powers to apprehend. Identification with the common lot is the essential idea of democracy and the source and expression of social ethics.

In six chapters on follow a keen and sympathetic, therefore often humorous, analysis and portrayal of various types and groups of people who are "being impelled by the newer conception of democracy to an acceptance of social obligations involving in each instance a new line of conduct." One general result of this survey is: "While the strain and perplexity of the situation is felt most keenly by the educated and self-conscious members of the community, the tentative and actual attempts at adjustment are largely coming through those who are simpler and less analytical."

Thus we have dissected before our eyes the very heart and conscience of a charity worker who means to do good to the poor and is constantly thwarted because their world is unintelligible to her, although poor people have no difficulty in understanding each other; and the lesson of it all is humility.

In the relations of parents to children and of household wage workers to their employers the same conflict of ideals is felt, and the tendency toward socialization is plainly more marked among the wage earners than among the employers. Indeed class prejudices blind the judgment of the rich and the educated to the significance and direction of changes which are going forward in spite of their protests.

Thus also in industrial amelioration the rich and the cultivated people are quite willing to make liberal contributions to public objects and charitable relief, but they bitterly and persistently oppose, almost unanimously, such measures as factory legislation and legal protection of wage workers, measures which affect all the laborers far more than acts of patronage and liberality of individual employers. The explanation is simple. "Workingmen, because of their feebleness in all but numbers, have been forced to appeal to the state, in order to secure protection for themselves and for their children." Having no money to spend on charity, they mass their efforts in an appeal to law.

The chapter on "Educational Methods" is written in such a quiet and sober style that the sting of its radical criticism and accusation may not at first be felt. But when the huge injustice which it reveals is finally understood there will be a new demand of the public conscience. Schools founded for the children of workingmen have been "captured by commercialism," and the public schools are too generally regarded as recruiting grounds for cheap clerks and bookkeepers; the needs of industrials being commonly ignored.

The chapter on politics must be read with discrimination and care before the reader can escape from a feeling that Miss Addams is not actually in sympathy with the alderman of her ward, so feelingly and intelligently does she trace the sources of his power. It is a triumph of generosity, for she has been more than once defeated in open battle by this same "boss." If only the rich men of our clubs could ever be persuaded to look deep into this chapter they would see how inadequate and futile many of their "reforms" must appear to the great majority of voters in a wage working population.

It is a good book to be read by sections in our church prayer meetings, when so often the temptation is to say "My Father," instead of "Our Father."

Charles Richmond Henderson.
University of Chicago.

* Democracy and Social Ethics. By Jane Addams, Hull House. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1902. $1.25, pp. 281.

Culture and Power.

We gain no power, that is a gift
By nature known or left unknown;
But from the seed a stone we lift,
And then the flower to flower is grown!

—William Brunton.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living

SUN.—A habit of happy thought will transform life into harmony and beauty.

MON.—No plant can grow healthily in the dark, neither can man.

TUES.—The sun, making all living things to grow, exerts its happiest influence in cheering the mind of man.

WED.—Children should be taught the habit of finding pleasure everywhere; to see the bright side of everything.

THURS.—We win half the battle when we make up our minds to take the world as we find it, including the thorns.

FRI.—How many there are ready to make some great sacrifice who neglect the little acts of kindness which make so many lives brighter and happier.

SAT.—Happy is he who has no sense of discord with the harmony of the universe, who is open to the voices of nature and of the spiritual realm, and who sees the light that never was on sea or land.

—*From "Cheerfulness as a Life Power," by O. S. Marden.*

A World that is New.

The world is sweet, the world is fair,
To earnest workers all;
Its mornings dawn in beauty rare,
Its evenings tranquil fall.
Or high or low in its degree,
The task our souls must share;
If but its noble aim we see,
The world is sweet and fair.

The world is fresh, the world is new,
To those that work therein;
It seems but to the idle few
All stale and old with sin.
The blessed ones of labor's clan
Working with purpose true,
They find the world, in God's good plan,
Forever fresh and new.

—*Exchange.*

A Strange Pet.

By M. S. B.

A farmer in Hanover, Mass., one day last fall brought in from the field, where he had found it, a baby woodchuck four or five inches long.

It was chilled from the cold and nearly starved; but he revived it with some warm milk, which he fed to it with a spoon. The family kept it a few days and the children gave it milk very often, and it soon became quite tame and watched eagerly for their coming.

It was too cold to let it out of doors, and the little ones begged to keep it for a pet. They made a bed for it on an old sofa which was in the storeroom, off the kitchen. It soon grew so large that it needed more food at a time than it could get out of a spoon; so they fastened some rubber tubing onto a bottle and taught the woodchuck to suck from it.

The little creature in a few days would run to the children the minute he saw any of them come in with his dinner, jump upon the old sofa, take the bottle in his paws, roll over on his back, and take his comfort with the bottle like any real baby.

As he got larger, he would eat cookies and cake. These he would take in his front paws, and, sitting up on his hind paws, would eat them just as a squirrel eats nuts. In the spring the children, and even the adults of the family, grew so attached to their strange pet that the farmer built it a wire pen in the storeroom.

Here he stayed all summer. When the children come home, they call "Couchey, Couchey." He then runs up in answer to his name. When it wants something to eat, he goes to the gate and scratches to draw attention.

One of the ladies in the family has a camera. She took a picture of him as he lay on the sofa eating from his bottle. She has promised to send me one, and if she does I will show it to you. Here is one where he is eating cake.

A Twilight Game.

It had been raining all day. It was almost dark, and the children were getting dangerously tired of each other when Miss Lambert came up into the nursery. She lighted the fire on the hearth and drew up an easy chair; then she settled back in it and looked over at Alice and smiled.

"What is it?" questioned Alice, feeling very happy all at once.

"The world is so full of a number of things. I think we should all be as happy as kings," quoted Miss Lambert.

"Tell us the rest," exclaimed Alice, eagerly.

"That's all," replied Miss Lambert, still smiling.

But the children, sure that something nice was coming, settled themselves, each on an arm of Miss Lambert's chair, and waited.

"Well, we'll play a game," said Miss Lambert. "I'll mention one of the 'things' and then commence to count ten. Before I have finished, Alice must mention one; and so we'll go round and round. The one who fails to think of a thing (a beautiful thing, of course) must pay a forfeit. She must learn Mr. Stevenson's 'Nest Eggs,' and recite it Sunday morning at breakfast. Now I'll begin: A road winding through the woods—one, two, three, four—"

"Red lilies growing along the road," shouted Alice; "one, two, three, four, five, six—"

"Candy! pink and white twisted sticks," said Elizabeth, solemnly.

"Count, dear," reminded Miss Lambert, for Elizabeth had forgotten present duties.

"One, two three—"

"An old farmhouse with children inside, and an apple orchard near; one, two—"

"A nice big fire," cried Alice, stretching her feet out towards the blaze; "one, two, three, four, five, six, seven—"

"Kittens," said Elizabeth, gazing lovingly at a stuffed cat lying upside down on the hearth.

"Aren't you going to count?" asked Miss Lambert.

"One, two three—" commenced Elizabeth.

"A field of grass with the wind sweeping over it—one, two, three, four—"

"A stone wall," shouted Alice, "with all the things growing side of it: wild roses, hardhack, grape vines—one, two, three, four, five—"

"Babies," said Elizabeth, beginning at once to think up for next time, and forgetting to count as usual.

"Mammas that sing softly to the babies," said Miss Lambert, following Elizabeth's lead.

"Uncles that tell stories," shouted Alice, springing into the arms of a big man who suddenly appeared in the doorway.

"Oh, Uncle Jack, you play too!" cried both the children at once, and then such fun as followed!

Uncle Jack had to pay a forfeit because he couldn't think quickly enough, and then after that he thought of lots of jolly things: gulls' eggs and full-rigged ships, and big waves that dash over boats, and the American flag, and everything.—*The Outlook.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Gardens of Thought.

I have found the way that leads
To King's gardens passing fair;
He who loves and he who reads—
Goes as guest in gladness there;
There the grass is always green,
Soft as carpet of the spring;
There blue skies are always seen,
There the birds of music sing!

I have found the books I love
Carry me in bliss apart
To the angel land above,
To the Kingdom of the heart;
When perplexed and faint and sad,
Sweet content I there can win;
Glorious gardens make me glad,
Heavenly summers there begin!

Oft I wander there awhile,
Lured by spirits brave and bold;
They the happy hours beguile
With heroic tales of old;
They recount great deeds of worth,
Monuments of might they show,
Bringing splendor to our earth,
Holding there the long ago!

There are faces loved of yore,
Voices sweet and low and dear;
All the spirits we implore,
To our hearts in strength draw near;
And the living minds reveal,
In their cloister calm of love,
Sheltered Edens, where we steal,
Hid from tumult evermore!

Who shall tell the rapture keen,
Pleasure found within the shades,
Where such light of God is seen,
Where such light of man ne'er fades?
Wondrous is its richness rare,
Common Comfort if we will;
Sweet rose-gardens everywhere,
Have their homes for students still!

—WILLIAM BRUNTON.

CO-EDUCATION IN THE MINISTRY.—Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Varney graduated together this year at Lombard College, Mr. Varney receiving the degree of B. A. and Mrs. Varney that of B. D., which degree Mr. Varney had already previously won. Mrs. Varney means business as well as Mr. Varney, and she proposes to be co-worker with him in the work of the ministry.

Correspondence.

TORONTO, CANADA, June 25, 1902.

EDITOR OF UNITY: I would like to call attention to an announcement which appears in the *Advocate of Peace* for June. It is to the effect that Mr. G. H. Perris, of London, is coming to America to spend October and November in lecturing. His subjects will be "The South African War: Its Cause, Conduct and Consequences;" "The Jingo's Pedigree: or Imperialism in History;" "The Nemesis of Empire;" "Imperialism and Democracy;" "Anglo-American Relations;" "Leo Tolstoi," and "Despotism by Newspapers." Mr. Perris is one of the ablest of the younger sociological and political writers of London. He is editor of *Concord*, the organ of the International Arbitration and Peace Association. His book "Blood and Gold in South Africa," written in answer to Conan Doyle, is one of the most powerful and convincing works that have appeared upon the South African question. Applications for his lectures may be addressed to the American Peace Society, Boston, or to Mr. Edwin D. Mead, 26 Beacon street, Boston. I can assure all persons who may think of engaging Mr. Perris to lecture, that he is a clear, candid and fearless thinker, whose political and social ideals are of the highest, and who speaks because he has something important to say. He is a fine representative of that better England that opposed the Boer war from the beginning, and that seeks national greatness not by subjugating and exploiting weaker peoples, but by methods of justice and righteousness. It may interest Unitarians to know that Mr. Perris is the son of one of our London Unitarian ministers (Rev. H. W. Perris, of the Forest Gate church), and brother of another (Rev. H. S. Perris, of Little Portland street, where Dr. Martiman was once pastor). J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Books Received.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO. BOSTON.
"Three Tales"—William Douglas O'Connor.....$1.25
"Education and the Larger Life"—C. H. Henderson..... 1.30
"In the Days of Giants"—Abbie Farwell Brown..... 1.10

THE MACMILLAN CO. NEW YORK.
"Commonwealth or Empire—Goldwin Smith.
"The Sermon on the Mount"—Benjamin W. Bacon..... 1.00

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO. PHILADELPHIA.
"The Roots of Christian Teaching as Found in the Old Testament"—George Aaron Barton.

BONNELL, SILVER & CO. NEW YORK.
"Sandy Scott's Bible Class."

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS. NEW YORK.
"Letters From Egypt and Palestine"—Maltbie Davenport Babcock..... 1.00

PETER ECKLER. NEW YORK.
"Searching for Truth"..... 1.50

C. F. TAYLOR. PHILADELPHIA.
"The City for the People"—Prof. Frank Parsons.

HERBERT S. STONE & CO. CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.
"The Carpenter Prophet"—Charles William Pearson.

THOMAS WHITTAKER. NEW YORK.
"The New World and the New Thought"—Thomas Bixbie.

TRACY, GIBBS & CO. MADISON, WIS.
"The Rhymned Story of Wisconsin"—John Nelson Davidson.

JAMES H. WEST & CO. BOSTON.
"The Truth in Christian Science"—H. E. Cushman..... .60

LITTLE, BROWN & CO. BOSTON.
"In the Country God Forgot"—Frances Charles..... 1.50
"Historical Society of Montana:" Vol. III. 1900.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY. NEW YORK.
"The Philosophy of the Christian Religion"—Andrew Martin Fairbairn..... 3.50
"Colonial Government"—Paul S. Teinsch..... 1.25
"Oldfield"—Nancy Huston Banks..... 1.50
"George Eliot"—Leslie Stephen..... .75

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO. 91-93 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.
"The Varieties of Religious Experience. A Study in Human Nature. Being the Gifford Lectures on Natural Religion Delivered in Edinburgh in 1901-02"—William James LL. D., etc.

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Education and the Larger Life, C. H. Henderson, net, postpaid - - - - - - 1.30
Birds' Nests, Charles Dixon, net, postpaid - - 1.20
Judith's Garden, Bassett, 1.50 net, 1.13 postpaid - 1.25
Little Rivers, Van Dyke, 2.00 net, 1.50 postpaid - - 1.65
Fisherman's Luck, " 2.00 net, 1.50 postpaid - 1.65

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NATURE STUDIES.

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Those desiring to take part in this work will find any or all of the following books of great value:

BIRDS:
- Handbook of Birds. - Frank M. Chapman.
- Bird Life, - - - - " "
- American Land Birds, - - - - Apgar.

TREES:
- Trees of America, - - - - - "
- Familiar Trees and their Leaves, F. Schuyler Mathews.

FLOWERS:
- Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden, - F. Schuyler Mathews.
- How to Know Wild Flowers, } Mrs. Wm.
- How to Know Ferns, - } Starr Dana.

INSECTS:
- Insect Life, - - J. H. Comstock.
- Butterflies, - - - - Holland

Other necessities being: a pair of opera or field glasses, note books, magnifying glass, dark glasses; for ladies, short skirts and strong boots.

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SKETCHING CLASS.

MRS. HANNAH JOHNSON CARTER.

A class in sketching from nature will be held at Tower Hill, Wis., from August 18th to August 29th, provided a sufficient number register for the course before June 20th. The mediums pencil, brush and water-color from flowers and landscape. The class will be conducted by Mrs. Hannah Johnson Carter, Director of the School of Elementary Art Instruction, Chicago. This opportunity for personal instruction should be of value to teachers and to all those who wish to combine instruction of this sort with fresh air and fine scenery.

For terms and further particulars, address,
MRS. HANNAH JOHNSON CARTER,
Fine Arts Building, Chicago.

LIBRARY CLASS.

MISS EVELYN H. WALKER

A graduate of the class in Library Science of the University of Chicago and Librarian of the circulating library of All Soul Church, Chicago, after her return from the Summer Library School at Albany, N. Y., will give a course of twelve lessons in Library Science at the Tower Hill encampment, provided a sufficient number register for the course before June 20th. The class will open July 22d, and continue four weeks. The course will be arranged with special reference to the practical needs of librarians in charge of Sunday school, public school and small circulating libraries, and will include the cataloging, classification, shelving, charging and care of books. The hours will be so arranged as not to conflict with the course in literature given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Tuition, $5.00.

For further particulars address,
MISS EVELYN H. WALKER, 3939 Langley Ave.

REFERENCES: Mrs. Zella Allen Dixson, University of Chicago. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

LITERATURE.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, LEADER.

Mr. Jones' work in Poetry will be with Shelley and Browning, with an eye out for new lights in contemporary poetry. In Sunday School and Home teaching it will be Normal work on the Sixth Year's Work in the Course on Religion on he Growth of Christianitty. Biographical Stepping Stones across the Centuries from close of New Testament times to the Times of Martin Luther.

With the consent of the class, the History Work may be distributed throughout the five weeks in half-hour periods from 10:30 to 11:00, sharp; followed by Poetry work, 11:10 to 12:10. Full schedule of topics, with references, next week.

ACCOMMODATIONS.

For terms for board and rooms or tents, address MRS. EDITH LACKERSTEEN, 3939 Langley Ave.

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